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been an entertaining factor of no small moment for many years in the gyrations of its library situation, through its chamber of commerce showed the library visitors, on the occasion of the A. L. A. conference, what it has to offer in the way of seaside resorts, parks, public buildings, mineral waters and business enterprise generally. The library itself was acephalous and was therefore the more interesting, especially to quite a number of men librarians who were willing to be considered suitable timber for the mast-head. The women of the party, who were continuously reminded that a woman administrator was out of the running, paraphrased the milkmaid's reply: "'Nobody wants you, sir!'" they said," at the same time recalling that the best work of the best years of the library has been done by women. But that has nothing to do with the social side? Perhaps not; but it was vastly entertaining just the same, and it certainly was a bright thread in the warp of its day.

So we finish as we began; there was no social side to the Pasadena conference, but many bright threads wove themselves into the pattern of the event of the Pacific coast meeting which will probably be seen and remembered long after the dull tints of the days' duties shall have faded to nothing.

M. E. A.

## THE TRAVEL SIDE OF THE CONFERENCE

### The Pre-Conference Trip

Saturday evening, May 13th, saw the start of the "A. L. A. special" from Chicago with about 140 librarians aboard. Sunday morning we took on recruits at Kansas City, spent the day renewing old friendships while crossing the Kansas plains, and with Monday morning's light came the strangely weird and arid New Mexico country. The succession of Mexican and Indian villages was a fascinating novelty to those who were making their first "crossing," and the geological formations and desert foliage caused frequent exclamations of wonder.

A welcome break in the journey was

made at mid-day at Albuquerque, where we had dinner at Fred Harvey's deservedly famous railroad hostelry, and another hour for buying Indian pottery, baskets and Navaho blankets. During the afternoon we caught a more intimate glimpse of Indian life, when our train stopped for fifty minutes at the ancient pueblo of Laguna, giving us time to wander through the village; dodge the chickens and the papooses; peer into some of the adobé huts, inspect the "home-made" church, with its crude belfry and native American "barker" who guarded the entrance and "undimed" all whose curiosity prompted a visit within the sacred portals; to take snap-shots, photographically or optically, of squaws and antique braves; and to purchase whatever bits of gay colored pottery we dared risk to the perils of the road.

The next morning brought us to the Grand Canyon and El Tovar Hotel. After breakfast some started on coaching trips along the rim, others started on mule-back down the Bright Angel trail, while others professed a delight for walking and decided to make the trip down to the Colorado river and back by "Shank's mare." The latter set out enthusiastic enough, but when seen near the close of day, puffing painfully up the trail, they were not so positive of the delights of footing it down a seven-mile cobbly and rocky trail, under a pitiless tropical sun, then retracing their weary way seven miles up the trail with the altitude pounding harder and harder at their breathing apparatus. But it was all in a day's work and an experience never to be forgotten—not even regretted.

Those of us who chose mules for conveyance and company, at first nearly had heart failure at the alarming proportion of anatomy that "Bessie" or "Jennie" projected over the yawning abyss while deliberately rounding Cape Horn and other nearly equally perilous promontories. But it's all in getting used to things, so before long we were content to throw the reins on "Bessie's" neck and trust to her tender mercies and sure feet. The good book tells us that the Lord taketh no delight in the legs of a man, but those who travel by

the Bright Angel route surely learn to take delight in the legs of a mule.

Sore in foot or otherwise, we all gathered for an appreciated dinner at El Tovar and a sound night's sleep, while we dreamed of cutting the figure 8 on a 98 per cent incline, as we wound down the tortuous ways of the Bright Angel trail. The next day some of the party took a thirty mile drive to Grand View, and although the journey was dusty and the region traversed most desolate, yet the magnificence of the sudden burst of grandeur well repaid the travelers, and the cheerful "whoppers" with which the genial driver beguiled the weary miles prepared them for what they should soon encounter from the enthusiastic lips of dwellers in the Golden State.

Taking to Pullmans that evening, the night and next forenoon were spent traversing the "land of little rain," the state so truly called the "arid zone," but withal possessing so many fascinating and drawing features. Out from the Colorado Desert, noon of Thursday, May 18th, saw the "A. L. A. special" descending the western slope into the "garden of the world," and at two o'clock the end of the journey was reached in the comfortable and hospitable Maryland.

G. B. U.

### **The Post Conference Trip up the Coast**

The Conference closed on Wednesday, May 24th, and the post conference trip began with tours of the interesting places around Pasadena and Los Angeles. Some of the party scaled the heights of Mt. Lowe, experiencing sensations of delight and wonder at the marvelous views mingled with internal qualms caused by the sudden lift of 3,000 feet on an inclined cable railway supplemented by a dizzy trolley ride along the face of high cliffs and over yawning chasms.

The visit to Riverside and Redlands was one of unmixed delight. The charm of the Glenwood Mission Inn at Riverside was felt by everyone, and the drive furnished by the Riverside people through the orange and lemon groves and to the summit of Mt. Rubidoux, will long be remembered.

The Riverside library was inspected with great interest and its beautiful building was considered a successful adaptation of the mission style of architecture to library purposes. At Redlands a drive through orange and olive groves and through the beautiful Smiley Heights Park, was the contribution of the Redlands people. This was followed by a lunch at the public library, where the ever-present rose shed its fragrance and a punch made from the local characteristic fruit was most refreshing.

On the morning of Saturday, May 27th, the post conference travel through California began. The party was composed of about 110 members, mostly from the East, but with many friends from California and the Northwest. At Santa Barbara pleasant quarters were found at the Hotel Potter. An automobile drive along the shore through Montecito with stops at some of the beautiful homes was given by the public library, and on the way the Santa Barbara mission was visited under the intelligent guidance of one of the monks. A new insight was gained into the motives which inspired the founding one hundred and twenty-five years ago by Father Junipero Serra of that famous series of missions in California. The party felt a great respect for the enthusiasm and religious fervor of those old monks whose great civilizing work was done under severe hardship. This mission is one of the few still maintained, and restorations in the buildings are being made with good taste. The tropical and desert garden delighted the visitors and the men were admitted to the sacred inner garden which women are not shown. As some of the party took photographs of this charmed enclosure, the curiosity of the ladies will be in part satisfied later by these pictures.

A delightful feature of the afternoon's entertainment was a tea at the home of Mrs. F. B. Linn, the librarian. The semi-tropical garden where heliotrope grew on trellises over the second story of the house was the wonder and envy of the New England members of the party.

A day's ride brought the party to Mon-

terey over a route partly along the shore and partly in the mountains, a trip cool and free from dust owing to the burning of oil in the locomotives. At Hotel Del Monte, Monterey, the party stayed a day and two nights enjoying the delights of this famous hotel with its wonderful desert garden of cacti, its groves of pines and live oaks, and its tropical ferns and palms. Its bewildering maze fashioned like that of Hampton Court allured and then perplexed the visitors. Automobiles whirled the party over the Seventeen-Mile Drive along the shore through the funereal and aged cypress trees whose origin is unknown. On the way the public library and citizens of Pacific Grove entertained the party with one of the many examples of California hospitality. In rambling about Monterey a glimpse of the old Spanish influence was seen in the old adobé buildings and general air of drowsiness which pervaded the town. Objects of interest were the house in which Stevenson lived in 1878 and the oak under which Father Junipero Serra took possession of California in the name of Spain.

A few hours' ride from Monterey through impressive mountain scenery brought the party to Santa Cruz where the hospitality of the citizens was enjoyed at lunch in the Big Tree Grove. The big trees surpassed in size and majesty the pictures of the imagination and were surpassed only by the tall stories of the marvels of California with which we were regaled at the lunches or dinners where our California friends dispensed hospitality. The lunch at Santa Cruz was no exception to the rule. We had seen so many wonders by that time, however, that we believed all the marvelous tales.

At San José, the next stop, the semi-tropical trees and plants were interspersed with the familiar trees and flowers of the north. Here we found ourselves in a belt of fertile country, the Santa Clara valley, famous for its wine and small fruits, such as prunes and peaches. Speeches of cordial welcome by San José citizens warmed our hearts. The next day we were taken by trolley through the farming towns of Santa Clara valley to Leland Stanford Jr.

University. After a visit to the Palo Alto public library and an inspection of the beautiful university buildings in the mission style of architecture, we partook of lunch served by the Stanford Library Club and listened to cordial speeches of welcome by our hosts with felicitous replies from our party. A few more hours of travel brought us to San Francisco, where we were housed in the magnificent Fairmont Hotel.

A visit to Chinatown seemed the proper entertainment for the evening. Parties of twenty-five were arranged with two guides, one to lead and the other to guard the rear and lend a spice of danger to the expedition by admonitions not to stray from the party. Frequent countings of the party indicated the anxiety of the guides that none should escape on the way and thereby be relieved of the necessity of paying a good silver dollar for the experience. Interest was divided between the strange objects arranged by the wily orientals for our entertainment and the picturesquely incorrect language of our Irish-American guide who showed us with equal zeal and naïveté "sacreligious" prayer urns in joss houses and a fake Chinese wooden tenement, said to be the only one allowed to be built since the fire and maintained no doubt by the city or the hotels to satisfy the curiosity of the tourists. The ladies were sadly disappointed in the expedition. They saw nothing to shock their moral sensibilities. The air even in the fake opium joint was fairly good and dirt was no more in evidence than in the foreign quarters of any large city. We were cheered, however, by the assurance that before the fire things were immeasurably worse.

The entertainment furnished next day by the San Francisco library people and Board of Trade was one of great delight and satisfaction. Automobiles took the party through the residential sections with their many fine dwellings erected since the fire and through the Presidio and Golden Gate Park with their fine views of the beautiful harbor. The park was a marvel of natural beauty, and was admired the more when it was known that it had been made

in a few years from an unpromising waste of sand. The making of this park is characteristic of the energy and indomitable will of the California people in conquering the desert and converting it into smiling gardens or fertile farms by the magic of irrigation. At the end of the ride, after inspecting the temporary headquarters of the public library, simple but effective in its arrangements and indicative of the great recuperative power of San Francisco after the fire, the party were entertained at lunch at the California Club. After an appetizing lunch and kind words of welcome by our hosts, the party took the boat for Mt. Tamalpais. The sail across the bay and the ride up the mountain were greatly enjoyed, as the air was clear and the view from Mt. Tamalpais was especially fine. The view can probably not be equalled in beauty, including as it does the cities of Berkeley, Oakland and San Francisco, the magnificent bay dotted with islands, and the Pacific Ocean.

The next day Berkeley and Oakland entertained the party with a sail across the bay to Oakland, a trolley ride through the city, and a visit to the interesting public library and the art museum. A lunch was given at Piedmont park by the Oakland people and then a short trolley ride brought the party to the University of California at Berkeley, where welcome was given in the Greek theater. The library of the university was being moved into its new building and this novel sight was of great interest. The fine new building was greatly admired both from the architectural viewpoint and for its adaptability to use. Returning to San Francisco the party divided, about fifty-five taking the train that evening for the Yosemite Valley, the rest leaving San Francisco the next morning for Sacramento and the East.

The Yosemite party awoke the next morning at El Portal, had an early breakfast at Hotel Del Portal and then started on a stage ride of about fifteen miles into the valley. The road followed the course of the Merced River, sometimes along the face of a cliff at a dizzy height above the river, and sometimes through a bit of quiet

meadow or stretch of forest. The mountains soon began to pile up precipitously and hem in the road, and the views became grander, culminating in that of the great El Capitan, a cliff rising 3,300 feet above the valley. The road then wound along the level floor of the valley for several miles to Camp Ahwanee, where about half the party found delightful quarters in tents. The rest went on to the Sentinel Hotel at the center of the valley. Camp Ahwanee with its outdoor life, its great campfire at night, and other sylvan delights, was called the best place in the valley until a lizard was discovered in one of the beds. This visitor was harmless, but the care with which the beds were scrutinized at night after that chilled the enthusiasm of some of the ladies for camp life. Three delightful days were spent in the valley with climbs by the more strenuous either by mules or on foot to Glacier Point and Eagle Peak, or quiet drives through the valley to Mirror Lake, Bridal Veil Falls, and Yosemite Falls. All were loath to leave the valley.

The detour from the Yosemite Valley to visit the Mariposa big trees was made by only one member of the party, the patriarch. The sight of the trees was declared by him to amply repay him for the eighteen hours he passed in a stage on two successive days. He reports that the trees were all accounted for and as described in the guide book, and that they all seemed to be older than he is.

The return trip by rail along the Merced River was made by daylight that the party might marvel at and be thrilled by the engineering feats in railroad building.

From Merced to Sacramento the road passed through fertile valleys, and glimpses were caught of the energy of the county library workers, some of whom boarded the train at Merced, Modesto, and Elk Grove with words of welcome and gifts of flowers and the characteristic fruits. Cherries were offered in abundance everywhere, and at Elk Grove in addition to marvelous roses and sweet peas, the ladies handed each one a huge lemon.

At Sacramento the Board of Trade took

the party in automobiles about the city and into the country over perfect roads allowing time for a visit to the state and public libraries and giving a chance to see a gold dredger at work. A dinner given in the evening by the Sacramento library people was a fitting climax to the many expressions of hearty welcome given in California.

That night the majority of the party left for the East to visit on the way more wonders in Utah and Colorado. A few of the party returned by way of the Northwest. This small party went north by the Shasta route through a rugged mountainous country with the magnificent snow-capped Mt. Shasta in sight nearly all day. A short stay was made in Portland to visit the fine public library and enjoy the Rose Festival. The substantial character of the city and the finely equipped, progressive library appealed particularly to the visitors. A few hours' ride brought the party to the two great cities on the wonderful Puget Sound—Tacoma and Seattle, rivals in beauty, trade, progressiveness and library equipment. Several very pleasant days were spent by some of the party in these two cities, enjoying the bracing air, the glorious views of the mountains, and trips on the Sound. The hospitality dispensed by the librarians and their assistants was most cordial and the libraries were pronounced models of progressiveness and efficiency.

Several of the party made a detour into a foreign country and enjoyed the charming bit of old England which they found in Victoria, B. C. The librarian of the province in his light-hearted way made all wish their stay could be longer.

The Northwest was left with much regret. The charm of its cool climate, the wonders of its fertile soil, and the beauty of its luxuriant vegetation, its great forests, and its rugged mountains made all want to revisit this great empire which, it is prophesied, is destined to be the future home of the Anglo-Saxon race.

The party broke up in the Northwest, the different ones returning over many different routes, some by way of the Canadian Rockies, and some by way of the moun-

tains of Idaho and the Yellowstone Park with stops at Spokane, St. Paul and Chicago, where libraries were visited and hospitable welcome was extended by the librarians.

J. G. M.

#### Party No. 1—Eastward Trip

"For to admire an' for to see,  
For to be'old this world so wide,  
It's always done some good to me  
And I can't drop it if I tried."

—Adapted.

Judging by the difficulties in assembling the first A. L. A. party for departure at the various stops on the return journey, each person had applied Kipling's last line to the cities of our hosts. It was reported that applications for library positions were strewn broadcast from Sacramento to Denver, and also that certain members of the party might waive their aversion to the married state, should suitable local talent with the necessary requisites in the way of bungalows present themselves.

Leaving San Francisco the morning of June 3d, our first stop was at Sacramento, which proved one of the most pleasant surprises of the trip. We were met at the station by the members of the state library staff and escorted to the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Gillis, where lunch was served. We were reminded too soon that we were still librarians by the arrival of the car to take us to the state library, where a number of new devices attracted our attention. Later in the afternoon motor boats were placed at our disposal for a trip up the river. The mistletoe on the banks was not needed to explain the popularity of the river; the natural scenery itself was sufficient. Dinner at the hotel with impromptu speaking closed a day that will never be forgotten. On the way to the train many stopped to visit the public library and to bid farewell to the staff.

Monday morning found us at Salt Lake City, which impressed one as combining the hustling activity of the West with the culture of the East. In the morning after a visit to the library of the university and the public library, we were taken in auto-

mobiles around the city, and up to Fort Douglas, where the view of the valley, the lake and the mountains was magnificent beyond description. Lunch was enjoyed at Saltair on the lake, or rather over the lake. Upon return to the city opportunity was given to hear the wonderful organ at the Tabernacle. Some of the more venturesome returned to the lake for a bath. The cordiality and the courtesy with which we were entertained by the trustees of the public library were greatly appreciated.

The trip from Salt Lake City to Manitou was remarkable for the scenery and the dust on the observation car, the only gift we received that failed of appreciation. Manitou gave an opportunity for two days of rest for those who did not wish to explore. Cheyenne Canyon on burro back, Pike's Peak and Colorado Springs attracted many.

Denver was our last stop, and after a visit to the library, a trip around the city and dinner at the Country Club, we climbed into our Pullmans, resolved that the next trip to the Coast should find all of us present.

C. H. B.

#### **Party No. 2—From Departure from Sacramento, East**

About thirty-five of us in two special Pullmans left Sacramento at bedtime on June 7th and on Thursday, June 8th, we awoke in Nevada and saw Reno from the windows of our dining car without missing any of our number. After this the only event of interest during that day was the parting of one of our ladies who insisted on being put off at a small station in the desert called Mill City, where neither mill nor city were visible. Her brother was waiting for her at the station and we felt much relieved on that account, for the region did not look promising for a tenderfoot even though she had had much practice on mule-back while with us.

Early on the morning of June 9th those who were fortunate enough to wake early or who roomed near the lady with the alarm clock saw the Great Salt Lake in all its glory from the Pullman windows as the train traversed the long "cut-off" which

has been filled in for miles across the northern part of the lake. In time we arrived at Salt Lake City, where a good breakfast soon put us in trim, so we were easily persuaded to walk two blocks and trolley out to the University grounds under the guidance of Miss Nelson, the librarian. The surrounding snow-capped mountains were of as much interest to us as the University buildings and the slightly location. Shortly after 10:30 all were at the public library, where Miss Sprague, the librarian, and her trustees took us in charge and after a short tour of inspection in the library, "autoed" us all over town through the rows of Lombardy poplars and splendid residences till we began to think that after all we might come here to live instead of Pasadena as was determined upon when we left Southern California. Not content with showing the city, our hosts took us to Saltair to a happy luncheon on the Great Salt Lake, and three hardy members of the party took a swim under the escort of one of the resident ladies. It was most enjoyable in spite of the fact that all the rest of the party looked on from a point of vantage nearby and mentally put us down as the "too fresh" members. Our dip removed that stain from our character and at luncheon we could dispense with the salt cellars, a shake of the head being entirely sufficient to flavor anything near by. Then, to end the day, a special organ recital was given for us at the Mormon Tabernacle and much enjoyed by all. We here parted from the lady-with-the-Scandinavian-reach, but we found a former member of our party who had come on this far by himself, so our number was still intact.

June 10th will long be remembered for its Rocky Mountain views. All day long we threaded tunnels, climbed passes, and descended canyons until all were satisfied as to the extent and grandeur of Colorado's Rockies. That night we were comfortably settled at the Cliff House at Manitou, where our long expected trunks were in the rooms all ready to greet us. We found here and enjoyed a round-robin letter from Party No. 1.

Sunday was given up to a beautiful drive in the morning through Williams Canyon to the Cave of the Winds and thence into the Garden of the Gods. The Cave was wonderfully worth the trouble and expense, and of course the Garden came up to expectations. We were very glad to learn that recently this natural wonder place had been acquired by the city of Colorado Springs. That afternoon was free for individual trips and some went up the incline, some did Pike's Peak, while others visited Crystal Park and a few drove to South Cheyenne Canyon and the Seven Falls, sadly commercialized now, the visitor being importuned to sit upon a 46-year-old burro and have a group taken with the Falls as a background.

Monday, June 12th, twenty-seven planned a trip to Cripple Creek over the "Short Line" noted for its scenic route along the mountain sides, climbing until nearly 10,000 feet above the sea level. A special car was put on the morning train for us and we all thoroughly enjoyed the winding road and its many views of peak and plain. At Vindicator Junction, by previous arrangement, we left the train and took a trolley along the upper circuit among the mines and shaft houses. A thunder shower gave pleasant variety and the distant sunny snow-capped Sangre de Christo Mountains beneath the curtain of the rain clouds will long be remembered. After a

good dinner at the Imperial and a walk down the main street of Cripple Creek, we took the train back, and would that here might end the description of our travels, for a few miles from Colorado Springs our special car without warning turned over on its side—providentially picking out about the only place on the line where the shelf was wide enough to hold it without rolling down several hundred feet. In the crash of breaking glass and splintering wood our party never uttered a groan or a cry, a truly wonderful thing, and as we gradually extricated ourselves, cut and bruised, and assembled on the bank, it was found that eight were quite badly hurt and a lady, not of our party, was crushed to death and a gentleman who had asked if he might ride in our car was badly cut and bruised. After twenty minutes the wrecked car was uncoupled and we were taken to Colorado Springs, where six went to the hospital and the rest were able to return to the hotel at Manitou, where nurses and the doctor awaited us. Our Denver stop scheduled for the next day was reluctantly abandoned, and by the evening of June 13th all were able to resume the journey home except two whom we left with two others to care for them at St. Francis Hospital at Colorado Springs. These sufferers returned East ten days later, and were at last accounts improving rapidly.

F. W. F.